6d.

Eng. Poetry vol 12

THE MUSE'S BOWER,

AN

EPITHALAMIUM

ON

The Auſpicious Nuptials of the Right Honourable the the Marquis of CAERMARTHEN, with the Lady ELIZABETH HARLEY, Daughter of the Right Honourable Earl of OXFORD and MORTIMER, Lord High Treaſurer of GREAT BRITAIN.

By Mr. TATE, Poet-*Laureat* to Her MAJESTY.

Sanguinis Illuſtres Titulis, Legumq; Potentes
Convenere Domus; *nunc* PATRIA *Fœdore in Uno*
Commiſit Decus Omne ſuum; Connubia *non Hæc*
Mortales fecere Manus.

Grot. *in Nuptial. Lib.*

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8. Januar.

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THE MUSE'S BOWER, AN Epithalamium, &c.

LOVE's Queen, yet not the *Cyprian* Venus ſprung
From foamy Waves, as Antient Poets ſung,
But *Hymen*'s Daughter, and *Diana*'s Friend;
Whom *Cupids* of Angellic Race attend,
That kindle Chaſt Deſires, and Flames refin'd
As Lamps that in the Shrines of Martyrs ſhin'd,
She nor on *Paphos*, nor *Cithæron* ſmiles,
But deems her *Albion* worth all other Iſles;
The *Guardian-Goddeſs* of the *Britiſh* Main,
Whoſe Ambient Ocean, in her Chryſtal Wain,

She loves to Traverſe, till the Swelling Tide
Lands her (like *Thetis*, in her *Pearly* Pride)
Where *Thames* the *Medway* weds, his baſhful Bride:
Whoſe Virgin-Stream, tho' Conſcious of her Charms,
Makes ſlow Advances to her Lover's Arms,
With winding Courſe, and, to prolong her Stay,
Gazing at ev'ry Grove and Village in her Way.

Hither arriving, from her Circling Toil,
The Wondring Goddeſs found a Delug'd Soil;
Where, with the Floods, ſharp Froſts and ruffling Wind,
To marr the Proſpect more, their Forces Join'd:
Thus Winter did (in Sport, not Spight) contrive
Knowing her † Preſence would the Invaders drive,
And make the Verdure of the Vale revive.

† So *Lucretius* of his Venus

Te Dea, Te fugiunt Venti, Te Nubila Cœli
Adventumq; tuum, &c.

Forth-

Forthwith he ſaw a glorious Grove aſcend,
Whoſe burden'd Boughs with Golden Apples bend,
Fairer than in *ALCINOUS* Orchard grew,
And Bow'rs *ADONIS* Garden never knew,
Nor *SPENCER*'s richer Fancy ever drew.
Spencer, who Art and Nature could command,
And Great *Eliza* charm'd to Faery Land.
So------ could I raiſe a Landſcape of Delight,
That our Diviner *ANNA* would invite,
Not Storms, nor Planets of Malignant Pow'r,
Nor Envy's Breath ſhould blaſt my *Muſe's Bow'r*.
Yet ſhould it, like the Prophet's Guord, decline
By ſuddain Blight, the Muſe will ne'er repine,
While ſuch a Comforter her Grief beguiles,
And on this Nuptial Bow'r *Great Britain*'s *ANNA* ſmiles.

Ah whither am I ſtray'd, in dazling Flame,
Tranſported with the glorious *ANNA*'s Name,

Whilſt *Hymen*, hearkning for the Bridal Song,
Complains, we make his Tryumph wait too long.

Now on a Flowry Bank, that Myrtles ſcreen,
Tir'd with her Progreſs, ſlept our Ocean-Queen.
Whilſt, to ſupply the Charms of her clos'd Eyes,
A Thouſand Graces in her Aſpect riſe;
Serenely ſmiling with Pacific Dreams
From the Gay Borders of *Elyſian* Streams.
To her the Fragrant Souls of Roſes flew,
The Garden's Bloom, with ev'ry Breath ſhe drew,
Sublim'd their Sweets, and all reſpir'd with New.
Mean while her wakeful *Loves*, in *Active Play*
Of Queint Devices, ſport the Time away;
Some Wantons leap into the Lake, to try
If there, for Oars, their Pinions they could ply;
Pleas'd that their Plumes a purple Luſtre dart,
That made the frighted Fountain-Nymphs to ſtart.

Some

Some with their Wings, where Balmy Buſhes grew,
(For only Some, that ſecret Arbour knew)
Bruſh'd into Chryſtal Cups th' Ambroſial Dew.
Some, that had ſpent their Shafts in Archers skill,
With Violets their empty Quivers fill.
With Darts of Lightning ſome Eſſay'd to pierce
Cold *Adamantine Breſts* to Love averſe;
Then, for Tryumphant Trophies of Renown,
Their Conqu'ring Bows with Wreaths of Laurel Crown.
Others for *Amaranths* the *Meadow* range;
That weav'd in Nuptial Wreaths ------
Preſerve their Freſhneſs till the Lovers change;
But languiſh at their Paſſion's firſt Decay,
And when 'tis quite extinguiſht fade away.
Some ſhot at Trees, their Arrows Truth to prove,
And ſtrait the wounded Plants were fir'd with Love;
With low Reſpect their Lofty Heads decline;
Their Leaſy Arms in fond Embraces twine.

Others,

Others, at Randome ſhooting, thro' the Skie,
(The Strength and Swiftneſs of their Wings to try)
Follow their Darts, and catch them as they fly.

Thus they--- but ſoon a ſtartling Sight and Sound
Their Paſtime, and the Goddeſs Sleep confound;
Fame, hov'ring high in Air, her Trumpet blew,
Whoſe Signal Home the ſtraggling Cupids drew;
The Nymph, deſcending, low Obeyſance paid
To *ALBION*'s awful Patroneſs, and ſaid----

My Hundred Eyes a careful Vigil kept
To tell my Queen, of *Wonders* while ſhe ſlept;
While you repos'd, your Ocean-Power's advanc'd
In all their Pomp; and up the River danc'd,
Your *Thames* (a Stream than *Tyber* more renown'd
By † *Britiſh* Muſe and ‡ *Heaven*'s Indulgence crown'd:)

† Sir *J. Denham*'s *Coopers-Hill.* ‡ Cœlo gratiſſimus Amnis *Virg.*

Then

Then halting where *Great-Britain*'s * Guardian dwells,
The *Tritons* ſounded with their twiſted Shells;
But high above the Reſt did *NEPTUNE* ride,
With *AMPHITRITE* blazing by his ſide,
In all her Ocean's Gemms, and Rich Array,
To celebrate the Nuptials of this Day.
He rear'd his Trident with auſpicious Grace,
As when above the Waves he ſhew'd his Face
To chide the Storm, and ſave the *Trojan* Race.
Behold (ſaid he) this Venerable Dome!
Not the fam'd *Capitol* of antient *Rome*,
Nor awful Grove where *NUMA* oft retir'd,
For ſacred Conſult, and return'd inſpir'd;
Not theſe could boaſt Contrivance ſo compleat
For Publick Welfare, as this Honour'd Seat;
Whoſe *Owner* more, much more than *Theirs* has *wrought*,
By the ſole Dictates of his working Thought.
His *SELF* a *SENAT*, his Sagacious Mind
Th' *EGERIA* does the rich Projections find.

* Lord Treaſurer.

Here vaſt Deſigns, all like our Ocean deep,
And Mid-night Schemes the waking Stateſman keep,
That *EUROPE*'s, and our *ANNA*'s Cares may Sleep.
'Tis here---- but I forget the Feſtal-Day,
Whoſe haſty Minutes Summon us away.

Then floating forward with the ſwelling Flood,
In view of the bleſt * Bow'r his Chariot ſtood;
The Manſion lofty, and the † Seaſon mild,
For now, to grace the Rites, *December* ſmil'd,
And ſtarting Sun-ſhine Winter's Rage beguil'd.
Here the Proceſſion a bright Circle made,
And thus the jolly *Tritons* ſung and play'd,
They play'd and ſung, but oh! ſo charming ſtrong,
My Hundred Tongues can ne'er rehearſe the Song.

Look down (they cry'd) from your Cœleſtial Seat
Illuſtrious * Soul, and make our Joys compleat;

* Wimbleton

* Late Duke of *Leeds*.

† ——— Gratiorit Dies,
Et Soles Melius Nitent.
Hor.

Tho'

Tho' bowr'd in Bliſs, vouchſafe a gracious Smile
On your *BRITANNIA*, your once Reſcu'd Iſle;
When like the Royal Maid, that Empreſs lay
To *Rome*'s worſe Dragon, a defenceleſs Prey:
The deep-laid Miſchief her ſly Foe deſign'd
Your deeper-diving Wiſdom countermin'd;
Thro' ſecret Channels you your Project led,
Till, ſtarting from it's undiſcover'd Bed,
Broad-ſtreaming ſafety through our Land was ſpread.
Alpheus thus his Chryſtal Current ſaves
From *Neptune*'s Briny and Engulphing Waves;
Then, ſallying from his Subterranean Toil,
Pours plenty on his lov'd *Sicanian* Iſle.
When *Britain*'s Court had catch'd the Calenture
Of *Bigot*-Zeal, 'twas You contriv'd the Cure;
Early th' Approaching Danger you ſurvey'd,
And call'd in † *Hymen* to your Country's Aid:
And *Hymen*, pleas'd and proud of his Succeſs,
For which *Great-Britain* did her Thanks Addreſs,

† The Marriage of our Princeſs *Mary* to the Prince of *Orange*.

Con-

Contriv'd her grateful Homage to repay,
Witneſs the *Nuptials* of this happy Day;
That boaſts th' Alliance of your gen'rous Blood,
With ſuch a Patriot of the Public Good,
The preſent Pilot of *Great-Britain*'s Realm;
Secure from Shipwrack whilſt he ſits at Helm.

But we ſhrill Songſters of the Sea muſt quit
A Subject for Hoarſe *Triton*'s Voice unfit:
Our Salt Streams no inſpiring Nectar bring,
Memorial-Muſe let ſome ſuch Glories ſing,
By *Britain*'s *Helicon* ſweet ‡ *Ardens* ſpring.
Iſis and *Cam*'s learn'd Nymphs that Honour claim;
Yet *Tritons* are no Strangers to his Fame
By *Proteus*, in Prophetick Rhimes, foretold
The Wonders ſhould in *ANNA*s Reign unfold,
And none that more her Annals would adorn,
Than this Great Man for *Hers* and *Britain*'s ſafety born.

‡ The pleaſant Fountain at *Caſhalton*.

Yet

Yet, tho' in leſs Harmonious Strains we Sing,
And Rough as th' Element from whence they Spring;
NEPTUNE will frown if no Reſpect we yield
To the bold * *HERO* of his Watry Field;
And *Thetis*, who the firſt *Achilles* bore,
Chide, if we paſs the *NEXT* in ſilence O'er;
To purchaſe whom for her Adopted Son
With all her Floods, ſhe'd think a Prize was won,
No † proud Reſentment did his Fame foreſlow
He ne'er refus'd on deſp'rate Tasks to go,
And Conquer'd by *Aſtoniſhing* the Foe.
Alarm'd ‡ *LA HOGUE* will witneſs what we ſay,
And ſo muſt *CAMERET*'s inſulted Bay:

* The preſent Duke of *Leeds*.

* Which kept *Homer*'s *Achilles* from Action, and brought ſo many Miſeries upon the *Grecian* Army.

† Where his Grace, then Marquis of *Caermarthen*, notwithſtanding the great Firing from the Enemy, with his Boats boarded their Ships that had ran a Shoar, burnt ſeveral of them, ſome of them Three-Deck'd Men of War.

‡ Into which Bay his Lordſhip being order'd, with ſome Fourth-Rate Men of War, to ſupport the Well-Boats, and Favour the Landing of our Men; his Lordſhip notwithſtanding the continual Fire from the many Batteries, and numerous Artillery, which was ſo planted as to *Rake* him every way; when his Ship was diſabled and almoſt torn to pieces, he ventur'd his Perſon in his own Barge, and went ſo cloſe to the Shoar, that he ſav'd abundance of our Men, tho' Himſelf was wounded, and few of the Sailors that Row'd Him, left alive, or ſcarce one that was Unmaim'd: And when he had brought off all our Men which could be ſav'd, he went into the Bay a ſecond time, and brought off a *Dutch* Ship that was almoſt torn to Pieces.

And as his Actions *Neptune*'s Annals fill,
No leſs applauded for his † Naval Skill;
Own'd and Admir'd for Principal Renown
In BOTH, and Worthy of a *Naval Crown.*

The *Tritons* here, almoſt of Breath bereft,
Their *Nereids*, to careſs the Lovers, left,
Who thus, in ſofter Airs; live Lovers, live
To ſhare the Joy that to our Iſle you give.
Live to produce a Noble Numerous Race
That like your Anceſtors may *Britain* grace.
Early to Glory they commenc'd their Claim;
Illuſtrious *YOUTH* aſpire Thou to the ſame,
And ſeize on all the Provinces of *Fame.*

And Thou, Bleſt Bride, to *ANNA*'s Favour Born,
The Court of the moſt Pious *QUEEN* adorn;

† His great Skill in Naval Architecture, and Oeconomy of the Navy.

As

As early You advanc'd in *Vertue*'s Way,
Aſpire a Perfect Pattern to diſplay.

Hymen, who lent till now a gracious Ear,
The ſolemn Signal gave for Silence Here;
Pleas'd, but Conſtraind to intercept their Song,
Becauſe it made his Gueſts attend too long.

FINIS.

Ad-

Advertiſement.

THE *Muſe's Memorial* of the Right Honourable the Earl of OXFORD and MORTIMER, Lord High-Treaſurer of GREAT-BRITAIN, by the ſame Author. *The Second Edition.* Sold by *J. Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall.*